

Oxford Democrat.

No. 24, Vol. 6, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, October 20, 1846.

Old Series. No. 33. Vol. 15.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. ELLIOT.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing.

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

From the Vox Populi.

MY SOUL IS SAD.

DEDICATED TO COLUMBIA.

My soul is sad: for days of yore
Come thronging on my brain;
And memories of the past
Are memories of pain.
Such fearful visions of the past
Come o'er my aching eye,
I close my weary lids, and bid
The vision to pass by.

My soul is sad: for sun-bright hours
That scarcely knew a shadow
Life's colors looked so fair to me
It seemed they would not fade.
Toss on bright visions of the past,
Ye only give me pain!
Those happy days, too bright to last,
Will never come again.

My soul is sad: for faithful friends
I've passed upon life's road;
Who shared my hours of heartfelt joy,
And lightened all my load.
Like some familiar song of old—
A sweetly mournful strain—
So is the vision of the friends
I never may see again.

Behold, and pass! why will ye seek
Forever to intrude
Your visions on me, in each hour
Of the heart's solitude?
Behold! nor rob me of the power
To live in the present life
The future will I trust to Him
Who can the past forgive.

Lowell, Oct. 1.

OCTOBER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart: thou dawns't here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melancholy bier.
The morning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sun rises after
And bare of people clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze.
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours—
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wandering powers
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And, sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their swooping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the west;
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which Hope about her forehead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side.

ECONOMY.

Economy's a very useful broom,
Yet should not coax him about the room
To catch each straggling pin to make a plumb;
Too oft economy's an iron vice,
That squeezes o'er the little bits of mice,
That peep with fearful eyes and ask a crumb.

Proper economy's a comely thing;
Good in a subject—better in a king;
Yet, push'd too far, it dills each finer feeling—
Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean;
Inclines them, too, to villany to lean,
To overreaching, perjury, and stealing,
Even when the heart should only think of grief,
It creeps into the bosom like a thief;
And swallows up the affections, all so mild—
Witness the Jewess, and her only child.

Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
In imitation of the ambitious great,
High from the gallery, ere the play began,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit.
In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed, and very dreadful was the wreck!

The mother was distracted, raving, wild—
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embraced and kissed her child;
Afflicted every heart with grief around;
Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat past,
And moderated calm'd the hysteric blast,
She cast about her eyes in thought profound,
And being with a saving knowledge bless'd
She thus the play-house manager addressed:

"Sher, I am de moder of the poor Chow lad,
Dat meet misfortune here so bad;
Sher, I must haf de shilling back, you know,
Ash Moses haf nat see de show."

THE STORY TELLER.

[From the Saturday Courier.]

SEEKING ABOUT IT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I spent, not long since, a few days in the family of a much esteemed friend, who had an interesting boy between seven and eight years of age. One morning as the father was about leaving for his store, little Edgar came running after him, crying:

"Father! father! won't you buy me some paints and a paint brush?"
"I'll see about it," the father quietly replied.
"Oh! father is going to buy me a box of paints," said Edgar, dancing back into the house almost as happy, in anticipation, as if the box were actually in his hands.

"What are you going to do with your paints?" I asked of the little fellow, drawing him to my side.
"I'm going to paint all the pictures in my Parley's Every Day Book, and make them look so beautiful!" he said. "I wish it wasn't so long until dinner-time. But I'll wait."

"Yes, you must wait patiently. We cannot always have what we want in a moment."
"Father could send them home by John; I wish I had asked him to do so. But I'll wait. And the little boy strove to be as patient as possible."

As often as every half-hour at least, during the morning, Edgar came to me to talk about the box of paints his father was going to bring home.
"I wish it was dinner-time," he would sometimes say, or—"Isn't dinner-time a long while coming?"

All Edgar's usual modes of passing the hours happily, were neglected. He could think of nothing but his paint box.
"It's one o'clock!" he cried, bursting into my room, where I sat reading, as the clock struck the hour he had named. "Father comes home at two. Ain't you glad I'm going to get my paint box soon?"

"Yes, very glad, Edgar."
"So am I. I wonder how large a box he will buy? Henry Thomas has one so big, (measuring nearly twelve inches in length with his hands,) and ever-so-many brushes. He can paint elegant. You ought to see the bunch of flowers he painted; they looked just like real ones."

"Can you paint a flower yet?"
"Oh, no. I haven't learned. But I am going to learn. I mean to ask father to send me to a drawing school."

Poor or five times during the next hour Edgar came into my room to talk about his box of paints. For more than a quarter of an hour before the usual time for his father to return, he was at the window, and there remained, patiently, on the look out for him. At length I heard him crying out—"Father is coming! Father is coming!"—and running wildly down stairs.

The little fellow had talked to me so much about his paint-box, that I felt almost as much interest as he did, and could not help leaving my room and going down to see and enjoy his pleasure, on receiving it.

"Where is my paint-box? Give me my paint-box, father," said Edgar, eagerly seizing hold of my friend, as he came up the steps.
"What box, child?" returned the father, coldly. "I don't know any thing about your paint box."

"The paint-box you promised me you would buy. Where is it, father? In your pocket?"
"I didn't promise to buy you a paint-box."
"O, yes, you did, father!" The tears were springing to the child's eyes—"Don't you know I asked you this morning to get me one?"

"I believe you did, Edgar; but did I say I would buy it for you?"
"You said you would see about it, father."
"That is one thing, and promising to buy the box another. I haven't had time to see about it, Edgar."

This was said with an air of indifference that to me was inconceivable. The disappointed child shrunk away, and went quietly up stairs to his mother, into whose lap he laid his head, sobbing most bitterly.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked his mother.
"The child made no answer."
"Edgar, what ails you, my son?"
"But the boy's heart was too full. He could not speak."

"Why don't you say what is the matter?"
The mother's voice had changed from its first expression of tenderness. Still there was no answer.
"Don't come crying to me, unless you can tell what ails you." And Edgar was pushed away.

The child felt that injustice had been done to him, and the repulse of his mother made him angry. His low, distressed cry changed to one of passion.
"Edgar, what are you crying about? I never saw such a boy! You are always crying about something!"

"This had no favorable effect. The tones in which it was spoken were fretful, and these excited rather than soothed the child. He went away from his mother's side, and leaned against the wall, still continuing to cry, but with more bitterness.

"Edgar, stop crying!"
The mother spoke with authority, and stamped her foot to give emphasis to what she said. "But her words had no effect."
"Look here, Edgar! If you don't stop instantly, you shall be shut up in the closet, and kept there until after dinner!"
The poor child's disappointment had been so

great, that he felt indifferent about every thing. If his mother had expressed sympathy and spoke kindly, it would have soothed and comforted him. But her words, and the tones in which they were uttered, aroused angry feelings, they made him stubborn. The threat of punishment had no effect; he still cried on.

"Ain't you going to stop?" This was the last angry appeal, and it might as well not have been made. It had no effect whatever.

Being now out of all patience, Edgar's mother seized him by the arm and thrusting him into a dark closet, shut the door. His crying instantly ceased. His anger was changed into grief. He had been wronged, and he felt it keenly. Laying his little head upon a pillow that was on the floor of the closet, he sobbed himself to sleep, and was found there when the door was opened about an hour afterwards.

"Where is Edgar?" asked my friend, looking towards his vacant chair at the dinner-table, after we were all seated.
"He has been a naughty boy, and cannot come to the table to-day," replied the mother, smiling, as she glanced towards me.

"What has he been doing?" asked my friend.
"He came to me crying, a little while ago, and would neither tell me what ailed him, nor stop his noise. I persuaded and threatened, but all to no purpose; and had, at last, to shut him up in the closet. He is a very self-willed boy. When he once gets set out, there is no doing anything with him."

My friend said nothing. What he thought, I do not know; but I have very good reasons for believing that he did not for a moment imagine that he and he alone was to blame in the matter. When he told Edgar, in reply to his request for a box of paints, that he would see about it, he did so by way of getting off from the child's importunity. From that moment he thought no more about it. Not so with the child. He fully believed that his father had promised to buy him what he so much desired, and, confiding in this promise, he expected to get the box of paints upon his return home, at dinner-time. But he was sadly disappointed, and was too young to bear the disappointment.

So little had Edgar's father thought of what his child asked of him, and so little notice did he take of the effect produced by his failure to get the paints, that it did not occur to him that Edgar had been crying from the disappointment. The mother was, of course, entirely ignorant of the cause of her son's unhappiness. It is true, he had talked to her about the paint-box he was to get when his father came home to dinner; but she had so many matters of interest to which her daily attention was called, that she never thought about any of them longer than ten minutes at a time. His crying she attributed to some trifling crossing of his temper, and she did not feel at all disposed to humor him.

I saw all this, and it grieved me deeply. But my position was such that I could say nothing. About two hours after I had left the dinner table, as I was about going out for a walk, I found Edgar sitting on the front door steps. He was alone, and was looking at some children playing in the street. He did not show any disposition to join them. As I passed him, he looked up at me with a sober face. I did not speak to him, for I did not know what to say. Once or twice I turned back to look at him—his eyes were following me.

"Shall I buy him a box of paints?" I asked myself. "Will it be right?"
For some time I argued these questions, and finally determined that I would risk gratifying the child. His father, I felt quite sure, had given the matter so little thought, and was so entirely ignorant of the effect produced by his failure to buy the paint-box, that he would not look upon my act as an officious one, meant to rebuke him.

I came back sooner than I had intended, with the paint box in my possession. Edgar still sat where I had left him. His mother came to the door just as I placed my foot upon the step to enter. She greeted me pleasantly, and then said:

"Edgar, why don't you go out and play with the children? There's William Ellis, and Mary Miller, and Thomas Gray, who all love to have you play with them. Go, my son."

"I don't want to play," replied Edgar, looking up into his mother's face. "I would rather sit here."

"Sit there, then. You are a strange child, sometimes."

There was a petulance rather than tenderness in the mother's voice. The boy sighed, and remained sitting where he was.

"It's a very hard matter to get along with children," remarked my friend's wife. "You never know how to take them. One moment they are on the mountain top, and the next in the valley. Yesterday, it was next to impossible for me to keep Edgar away from those children, and now he cares nothing about them. It seems as if all their moods and tempers were ever in direct opposition to your wishes or feelings."

Yesterday, I did not want him to go into the street; and then nothing else would suit him. To-day, I would rather he would amuse himself with the children; but he chooses to sit mooping at the door. It requires a great deal of patience to get along with children; much more than I possess."

I did not assent to the last part of the sentence uttered, although, from all I had seen, I was very well satisfied of its truth.

"I have no doubt," I made answer, "that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to understand the dispositions and feelings of children, so to act as not to do violence to what is good in them. Their varied moods and tem-

pers are not mere impulses; they depend upon what we would consider if we knew all, adequate causes. Subject as they are entirely to others—they must be constantly meeting with checks and disappointments. We know how little able we are to encounter such things without disturbance; although our reason is matured and we can understand causes; and although much experience in life has tended to sober our feelings and give us some support in a rational philosophy. Reflecting thus, we ought not to be surprised at anything we see in children; but should rather seek to understand the reason why they are at any time disturbed."

But suppose, as was the case with me to-day, you are not able to draw from the child what it is that disturbs him? How are you to act?"
"I am not able to answer that question," I replied, smiling. "Circumstances always alter cases."

"It is very easy to theorize—one of the easiest things in the world. But it is quite another thing to practice."

To this remark, I had nothing to say. I tacitly admitted its truth. At the same time I could not help feeling that the practice of some people might be better than it was by a great deal.

"Come up stairs and see me, Edgar," I said to the boy, after I had changed the subject of conversation with his mother, and chatted with her a little while longer.

The child arose quickly, and walked by my side up stairs, and into the chamber I occupied. Although I did not mean that it should be so, yet I saw, from Edgar's manner, that my voice had betrayed the secret that I had something for him. I had no opportunity, therefore, for surprising him.

"I have got a little present for you, Edgar," I said, drawing forth a small package enclosed in paper.

"What is it? a paint box?" eagerly asked the little fellow, his face brightening.

"Yes, a paint box. How do you like it?"
I had by this time taken off the envelope, and displayed the box. I really thought the sight of it would set the child wild with delight. He seized it in his hands and fairly hugged it.

"Then, drawing off the lid, he counted over each paint, and handled and tried the brushes.
"Let me go and show it to mother," he said, and away he ran, crying to his mother that I had given him a box of paints.

"Artless, innocent childhood!" I could not help saying—"how brief is thy remembrance of wrong!"

His mother had punished him because he had cried from the severity of his disappointment in not getting his expected box of paints; but this was all forgotten now.

After the box was shown to his mother, Edgar went into the dining room to paint, and we saw and heard no more of him until tea-time.

When his father came home, Edgar was as eager to show his prize to him as he had been to his mother.

The incidents of the day made me thoughtful. I had always entertained for my friend a very high opinion; and had especially esteemed him for his goodness of heart and benevolence. But the circumstance I have just related caused doubting questions to arise. Was it possible for a man of true benevolence to act towards his confiding child with such culpable indifference? I could not reconcile my previous opinion with the fact that had just transpired. They were at variance with each other.

The more I thought about the matter, the more I felt disturbed.

"Can it be possible?" I at length asked myself; "that my friend is naturally a selfish, bad-hearted man, who takes upon himself, in common society, semblances of virtue?"

"No—no—this cannot be," was my mental answer. "His worst fault must be thoughtlessness."

On the next day I happened in at my friend's store. Whilst I sat reading a newspaper, and he was busy at his desk, a little girl, rather poorly clad, came in, and said something to him in a low, earnest tone. My friend hesitated, and the child spoke more earnestly. He then asked two or three questions, to which he received answers.

"Very well, I will see about it," he said with a smile.

My friend put on his hat and went out. In a little while he came in, and said to her—
"Tell your father that Mr. P. says that he would have given him the situation with pleasure, if he had applied earlier; but that it was now filled."

The little girl looked into my friend's face for some time with what seemed to me a sad expression, and then went slowly away.

"Really, I must blame myself for not having gone at once to see about the situation for this poor man. If I had gone yesterday, I might have secured it for him."

"It's a pity, certainly," I ventured to remark.
"It is, indeed. I really feel bad about it. But, the fact is, he ought to have sent direct to Mr. P. and not to ask me to speak to him."

"No doubt he believed you would have more influence, and thus make his application more certain."

"Yes. But the result has shown differently."

"It would not have shown differently if you had seen Mr. P. immediately."

"No. But I didn't; and there I was to blame. It can't be helped now, however. I am sorry; and that is as much as I can say."

We talked some time on the subject, I improving an opportunity that offered to call his attention to the sad disappointment his thoughtless promise to see about a box of paints for Edgar had occasioned the little boy. He was surprised and astonished at what I said; and seemed deeply grieved at the pain his child had suffered, and the wrong that had been done to him. So little had he thought about what he had said to Edgar in reply to his request; that it had, by this time, retired so far from his memory, that it was recalled with considerable difficulty.

We were yet conversing, when a man entered the store, and came slowly back to the little room in which we were sitting. He walked with a feeble, tottering step.

"Why, John, is this you? I am glad to see you out. How are you getting?" said my friend, the color rising to his face as he spoke.

The man did not smile in return, but knitted his brow, compressed his lips, and looked up sternly.

"I am really sorry, John," said my friend, speaking with much apparent confusion, "that I couldn't get that place for you. Mr. P. said that he would have taken you with pleasure, if the application had not come too late."

An expression of impatience, mingled with something like contempt, flitted over the man's pale face. He was, evidently, struggling hard with himself to keep from speaking out too plainly something that was in his mind. At length he said, in a subdued but earnest tone—

"Mr. P. may be only right for me to let you know that, in neglecting to see about the situation for me, as you promised you would do, you have put it out of my power to get bread for my family. They have only had potatoes to eat for many days. No one can earn any thing but myself, and I have been sick for some weeks, and unable to work. If you had told my little girl that you could not apply to Mr. P. for me, I would have hobbled out myself. But you promised to see about it, and I rested satisfied that it would be done. Perhaps I was wrong in presuming to trouble you; but I always considered you a kind-hearted man, and believed it would give you pleasure to do me a good turn."

The brows of my friend contracted in anger. Although the man's manner was not insolent, yet the fact of his calling to take him to task, chafed his feelings. He was about making some harsh reply, when the man, feeling that he had, in the excitement, produced by the intelligence brought back by his little girl, been led to act improperly, and yet, feeling unwilling to apologize for what had already transpired, turned away, and walked from the store as fast as his feeble steps would carry him.

My friend looked at me, and I looked at him. It was some time before any thing was said.

"I shall have to correct this fault of mine," he at length remarked, with a long aspiration after uttering the sentence. "I am too much in the habit of saying I will see about a thing, without really thinking that the words amount to a promise. John's manner has irritated me; but I suppose I must make every allowance for a man in his circumstances. He must have a situation. I will get him one somewhere, immediately, if I have to furnish the wages and let his labor go for nothing. But he must not know that I have any thing to do in it."

Before two hours had passed, a store-keeper in the neighborhood sent for John, and engaged him as porter. He inquired very kindly of him as to how long he had been sick, and what were his circumstances, and then offered him a month's wages in advance. The agency of my friend in this, John more than suspected, for he came before night and apologized for what he had said in the morning.

Spite of all my reasoning on the subject, I could not think so highly of my friend as I did before I had the privilege of spending a short time in his family, and observing him in his every-day relations. The amiability of his temper and urbanity of manner which he always displayed whenever I saw him, made me consider him one of the best of men I had ever met. But now he stood on the common plane, with faults, such as were possessed by common ones. I held up his peculiar failing as a mirror into which others who are like him may look, and see something of their own character, by reflection.

WEDDINGS EXCITED AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.—The Spanish Ministers have sent over an order to Coburg House for a nice young man to marry the Queen.

Thanksgiving in Michigan, Monday, Nov. 26.

ANOTHER BATTLE!—CAPTURE OF MONTEREY!

From the Boston Post.

Our last accounts from the gallant troops under Gen. Taylor left them in what many considered a perilous situation. But they are equal to all emergencies, and we now have the cheering news that Monterey has yielded to the predicted victors. Although Ampudia, with superior numbers, 11,000 against 6000 Americans, had the courage to make a stand, he was forced to yield, after strong resistance, and retire from a most important post. So the "conquest of peace" goes on triumphantly.

The telegraph from New York reports that "the loss of our army in the engagement, was about 300 killed and two hundred wounded." The loss of the Mexicans is unknown, but was supposed to be less than the Americans, as they fought under cover. General Taylor's horse was wounded but he himself escaped unhurt. An armistice has been agreed on, to continue in force eight weeks! This looks like peace.

Officers killed.—Lieut. Col. Watson, of the Baltimore Volunteers; Brevet Major Barbour, Brevet Maj. McCall, Capt. Morris, Capt. Field, Lieutenants Irwin, Hazlett, Haskins, and Woods, all of the regular army; also Capt. Williams, of the corps of topographical engineers, and Lieut. Terrett, supposed killed.

Wounded.—Major Lear and Lieutenant Graham, severely; Captain Cambridge, Captain Lamotte, and Lieutenants Wainwright, Potter, and Russell, slightly—the latter with leg off.—Maj. Gen. Butler, of the volunteers, wounded in the leg.

Mortally wounded.—Capt. Gillespie, of the Texas Rangers.

The following is from the New Orleans Picayune extra, dated Sunday morning, Oct. 4, the intelligence having been received there by the steamer James L. Day from Point Isabel:—

On the 19th Gen. Taylor arrived before Monterey with a force of about 6000 men. After reconnoitering the city at about 1500 or 1600 yards from the Cathedral Fort, during which time he was fired upon from its batteries, his force was encamped at the Walnut Springs, three miles short of the city. This was the nearest position at which the army could obtain a supply of water, and beyond the enemy's batteries. The remainder of the 19th was occupied by the engineers in making reconnoissances of the city batteries commanding the heights.

On the 20th, Gen. Worth was ordered with his division to move by a circuitous route to the right, to gain the Saltillo road, beyond the west of the town, and to storm the heights above the Bishop's Palace; which vital point to the enemy appears to have been strangely neglected. Circumstances caused his halt on the night of the 20th, short of the intended position.

On the morning of the 21st inst. he continued his route, and after an encounter with a large body of the enemy's cavalry and infantry, supported by artillery from the heights, he repulsed them, with loss, and finally encamped, covering the passage of the Saltillo road. It was here discovered, that besides the fort at the bishop's palace, and the occupation of the heights above it, two forts on commanding eminences on the opposite side of the San Juan river, had been fortified and occupied. These two latter heights were then stormed and carried; the guns of the last fort that was carried being immediately turned with a plunging fire upon the bishop's palace.

On the same morning, the 21st, the first division of regular troops under Gen. Worth, and the volunteer division under Gen. Butler were ordered under arms to make a diversion to the left of the town in favor of the important operations of Gen. Worth. The 10 in. mortars and two 24-lb howitzers had been put in battery the night of the 20th, on a ravine, 1400 yards distant from the cathedral fort, or citadel, and were supported by the 4th regiment of infantry.

At 8 A. M., on the 21st, the order was given for this battery to open upon the citadel and town. And immediately after the first division, with the 3d and 4th infantry in advance, under Col. Garland, were ordered to reconnoitre and skirmish with the enemy on the extreme left of the city, and should prospect of success offer, to carry the most advanced battery.

This attack was directed by Major Mansfield, engineer; Capt. Williams, topographical engineer; and Maj. Kinney, quartermaster to the Texas division.

A heavy fire from the battery was immediately opened upon the advance, but the troops soon turned it, entering and engaging with the enemy in the streets from the city having passed through an incessant cross fire from the citadel and the first and second batteries, and from the infantry who lined the parapets, streets and house tops of the city.

The rear of the first battery was soon turned, and the reverse fire of the troops through the gorge of the works, killed or dislodged the artillery and infantry, and the building occupied by the infantry immediately in its rear.

The first division was followed and supported by the Mississippi, Tennessee and Ohio regiments.

The two former regiments being the first to scale and occupy the fort, the success of the day stopped.

The Mississippi, Tennessee and Ohio regiments, though warmly engaged in the streets of the city for some time after the capture of the first battery and its adjoining defences, were unable, from exhaustion and the loss they had sustained, to gain more advantage.

A heavy shower of rain also came up to cause a suspension of the hostilities before the close of the day. The 3d, 4th and 1st infantry and the Baltimore battalion remained as the garrison of the captured position under Col. Garland, assisted by the Ridgely batteries.

Two 12 pounders, one 4 pounder, and 1 howitzer were captured in this fort, and 3 officers, and some 20 or 30 men taken prisoners. One of the 12 pounders was served against the second fort, and defended with captured ammunition during the remainder of the day by Capt. Ridgely.

The storming parties of Gen. Worth's division also captured two nine pounders, which were also immediately turned against their former owners.

On the morning of the 22d, Gen. Worth continued his operations, and portions of his division stormed and carried successfully the heights above the Bishop's palace. Both were carried by a command under Capt. Vinton, 3d artillery.

In these operations the company of Louisiana troops under Capt. Blanchard performed effective and gallant service, as a part of Capt. Vinton's command.

Four pieces of artillery, with a good supply of ammunition, were captured in the Bishop's palace, this day, some of which were immediately turned upon the enemy's defences in the city.

On the evening of the 22d, Col. Garland and his command were relieved as the garrison of the captured forts, by Gen. Quitman, with the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments and five companies of the Kentucky regiment.

Early on the morning of the 23d, General Quitman from his position discovered that the second and third forts and defences east of the city had been entirely abandoned by the enemy, who, apprehending another assault on the night of the 22d, had retired from all his defences to the main Plaza and its immediate vicinity. A command of two companies of Mississippi and two of Tennessee troops was then thrown into the street to reconnoitre, and soon became hotly engaged with the enemy. These were soon supported by Colonel Wood's regiment of rangers, dismounted; by Bragg's light battery and 3d infantry, who kept upon the enemy's fort a constant and uninterrupted fire from the streets, house tops, barricades, &c. &c., in the vicinity of the Plaza. The pieces of Bragg's battery were also used with much effect far into the heart of the city.

This engagement lasted the best part of the day. Our troops having driven the scattered parties of the enemy and penetrated quite to the defences of the main Plaza, the advantage thus gained it was not considered necessary to hold, as the enemy had permanently abandoned the city and its defences except the main Plaza, its immediate vicinity, and the cathedral fort or citadel.

Early in the afternoon of the same day Gen. Worth assaulted from the bishop's palace, west side of the city, and succeeded in driving the enemy and maintaining his position within a short distance of the main Plaza on that side of the city, towards evening.

The mortar had also been planted in the cemetery enclosure, and during the night did great execution in the circumscribed camp of the enemy in the Plaza. Thus ended the operations of the 22d.

Early on the morning of the 24th, a communication was sent to Gen. Taylor from Gen. Ampudia, under a flag, making an offer of capitulation, to which the former refused to accede, as it asked more than the American commander would under any consideration grant. At the same time a demand to surrender was in reply made Gen. Ampudia, and 12 o'clock at noon was the hour at which the acceptance was to be communicated to the American general. At 11 A. M. the Mexican general sent, requesting a personal conference with Gen. Taylor, which was granted, the principal officers on either side accompanying their generals.

After several offers in relation to the capitulation of the city, made on either side and refused, at half past 4 P. M. Gen. Taylor rose, and saying he would give Gen. Ampudia one hour to consider, to accept or refuse, left the conference with his officers. At the expiration of the discharge of the hour the mortars were to be the signal for the commencement of hostilities.

Before the expiration of the hour, however, an officer was sent on the part of Gen. Ampudia to inform the American general that to avoid the further effusion of blood, the national honor being satisfied by the exertion of the Mexican troops, he had, after consultation with his general officers, decided to capitulate, accepting the offer of the American general.

The terms of capitulation were in effect as follows:

That the Mexican officers should be allowed to march out with their side arms; that the cavalry and infantry be allowed to march out with their arms and accoutrements; that the artillery should be allowed to march out with one battery of six pieces and 11 rounds of ammunition; that all other munitions of war and supplies should be turned over to a board of American officers appointed to receive them; that the Mexican army should be allowed seven days to evacuate the city; and that the American troops should not occupy it until evacuated; that the cathedral, fort, or citadel should be evacuated at 10 A. M. next day, the Mexicans then marching out, the American garrison marching in; that the Mexicans should be allowed to salute their flag when hoisted down; that there should be an armistice of 8 weeks, during which time neither army should pass a line running from the Ranconada de San Juan to San Fernando. This lenient offer of the American general was dictated by the concurrence of his generals and by motives of good policy. This consideration was due to the good defence of their city by the Mexican army.

LATER.—A Washington Union extra of Saturday night does not publish official despatches from the army, but says—

We have had the pleasure of seeing Capt. Eaton, who has brought despatches from Gen. Taylor to the war department. Capt. Eaton left our camp at Monterey on the evening of the 25th of September. He deserves great credit for the alacrity and energy which he has exhibited in reaching Washington from Monterey in sixteen days!

We have no time for further comment to-night. Our army has again covered itself with glory. It has driven the Mexicans from their strong outposts, on very precipitous heights, on both sides of the Rio del Tigre—storming them in the face of the enemy and their guns—beating an army of double their own force, as has been estimated—and after four days' fighting, and driving the enemy from one entrenchment after another, and from street to street, compelling them to surrender Monterey with all its supplies of ammunition, provision, &c., and cannon, with a very small exception. Neither army is to pass a specified line—which is perhaps nearly half

way between Monterey and Saltillo—under eight weeks. But this armistice, in the first place, does not embrace our other lines of operations; and, secondly, it is subject, in express terms, to the orders and instructions of the two governments. The army is worthy of all praise for the gallantry and skill which have been displayed by our officers and troops—both volunteers and regulars.

The following extract of a letter, which we copy from the Baltimore Sun extra, gives an account of the doings of the Baltimoreans:—

MONTEREY, 12th August 24th.

Our brave Col. Watson has been killed, and the command has devolved on our gallant and spirited Capt. James E. Stewart, who fought like a tiger; at one time he was attacked by five Mexicans. He lost his sword, but knocked one fellow down with his fist and seized his musket, with which he knocked down three more of the five with the butt and bayoneted them on the spot.

Lieut. B. F. Owens, also, fought with gallantry. He led 30 men without the loss of a man up to the very mouths of the 12 pounders, which he silenced and took.

Our loss is about 6 men killed, and from 10 to 12 wounded, and they are being carried in every moment.

Gen. Taylor has warmly complimented Capt. Stewart and Lieut. Owens.

Poor Watson was killed at the head of his regiment.

From the Bargar Democrat.

PATRIOTISM—THE POLITICAL ASPECTS OF THE DAY—THE DUTY OF THE DEMOCRATS.

When danger threatens, it is the first impulse of the true patriot to rush to the defence of the country. So when the Union is endangered by faction and intrigues of the ambitious, the true friend of the country will instinctively hasten to defend the confederacy. From impulse, principle and a sense of obligation the true patriot and republican will stand by the administration in its efforts to maintain the rights and honor of the nation against foreign encroachment, and the peace and integrity of the Union, against the machinations of domestic enemies. With the good citizen the claims of patriotism are regarded as paramount to party obligations—country before party, is with him the maxim of wisdom.

If such are the noble impulses, pure principles and exalted sense of duty of the true and enlightened patriot and fast friend of the Union, we would inquire who at this interesting period in our history gives satisfactory evidence of patriotism and devotion to the Union? Is it those who endeavor to persuade others that our government is altogether in the wrong in the present collision with a foreign power? Is it those who impute to the administration unworthy motives, and accuse the highest officers of the government of violating the supreme law of the land in defending the rights and interests of the people and vindicating the character of the nation? Can such persons expect to be regarded as patriots while by their acts they surrender all claim to the name? It is nothing but a miserable excuse, and in no sense a justification, that they are not partisans of the administration. They should be partisans of their country and not its defamers; manifest an American spirit and national attachments rather than show sympathy for the enemies of our country, to entitle them to the honorable name of patriot.

And who are the friends of the Union? Are they those who agitate questions having a bearing in favor of one section of the country and against another? who in terms make accusations against particular States, and inflammatory appeals to local interest and prejudice? Are they those who propose measures of national interference with matters of State concern exclusively, and which directly tend to disturb the compromises of the Constitution? Are they those who charge the Executive with sectional partiality on the one hand, and sectional hostility on the other, and distort truth and misrepresent facts to sustain their accusations? Are they those who declare it to be preposterous folly to talk of the Union, and avow an union with slaveholders, or an union with slave States, to be a cardinal article in their creed? Can those who either openly or covertly move for a repeal of the Union expect to be regarded as friends of the Union?

The democrat finds his way at this time in the path trodden by the patriots and good men who have preceded him, and made plain by the conspicuous and enduring monuments which they erected by the way side. His impulses and principles can lead him in but one direction or to join but one company; he can take no other but the straight forward road travelled of old by the supporters of the government and the Union, nor cast his lot with any but such as imitate their examples. He cannot go with those who would bring dishonor to the American name by unjustly and without cause accusing the government of perpetrating a foul wrong upon another nation. He will not commit treason with his hand nor in his heart, but will stand in defence of the country against its enemies, and by those engaged in the same patriotic duty. As against all other nations "our country, right or wrong," will be the feeling of his heart and his principle of action, which is alike worthy the patriot and the christian. The clamor of the factions, the doubts of the craven, and the suggestions of mischievous partisans, the crocodile tears of the professed philanthropists will not mislead or turn the democrat from his purpose.

In regard to the Union, the democrat finds the path he should follow well beaten and illuminated by the light reflected by the constitution and made easy by the precepts and examples of the wisest, the most patriotic and the best of men that ever lived. He remembers the injunction as if he heard it from the lips of Washington:— "Clerish the Union; it constitutes your safety; it is the main pillar of your independence—your liberty. He cannot forget the sentiment of Jackson:—the Union, it must be preserved. His line of duty is clear—his impulses and principles alone would not mislead him—and when to these are added the glorious examples and wise teachings of the great and the good, a great highway opens before the democrat.

Many times in the history of the nation, do we find the government assailed by foreign and domestic enemies, but it has always been preserved against both by the patriotism and virtue of the land. Foreign and domestic enemies are again conspiring against it, but it will be shielded and preserved in the same manner. The seeds of dissension have been scattered broadcast, but the harvest will be ashes, and those that have plotted against the Union and the liberties of the people will be covered with "shame and confusion of face."

Faction, fanaticism and ambition are now abroad in their impersonations, threatening to undermine the foundations laid by the fathers of the Republic and overthrow the superstructure erected thereon by matchless wisdom. The Father of all Mischief seems to have broken loose, and to be roaming about under various disguises. The ambitious, the mischievous and the fanatical have joined hands and are animated by a common purpose to have the government administered upon new principles or to make shipwreck of the Republic.

At the north more especially the elements of discord are in motion, faction rages, the storms are most threatening, and patriotism seems at the lowest ebb. What then is the duty of the northern democrat? Most clearly to stand by the government and in defence of the Union—to abide by their principles and the Constitution and to brave every thing for our common country. It is the duty of patriotism, it is the duty of democrats to know no geographical distinctions, to make war upon no sections, and to defend the Union. It is their duty to live up to the Constitution and to regard its compromises—to be *Unionists* in practice and theory—to bear and forbear for country's sake and to preserve constitutional liberty, the civil and religious liberty which we now enjoy.

If it be asked, what shall the northern democrat do in regard to slavery? the answer is at hand—treat it in a constitutional manner, and live up to the letter and spirit of that sacred instrument. The whole subject was deliberately discussed, considered in all its bearings and consequences and decided upon by the men who made the constitution. Can their work be improved? Are the agitators of the present day, either wiser or better, or more deeply imbued with the spirit of liberty, than the illustrious statesmen and fathers of liberty who framed the constitution? If there be such a man let him be held up to the admiring gaze of the nation—The northern democrat should make the constitution his guide in this particular as in every thing else.

THE TARIFF—WHO DOES IT BENEFIT?

The disposition to imitate has unfortunately so to speak, its bad, as well as its good effects. Among the first may be numbered the case with which American legislatures and courts import foreign statutes and decisions. Because a feudal potentate who is the theoretical master of the people, has his executive powers, a republican magistrate must forthwith have his. Yet, while the energy of an European government, both nominally and actually grows out of the centrifugal tendency, that of a republic should derive its effectiveness from the centrifugal. The truth is, we too often copy European modes in the more important as well as trivial matters, with an almost utter lack of that self-respect which should make us closely scrutinize the propriety of our conduct.

Perhaps the effect of this disposition is in no thing more clearly and fatally exhibited than upon the subject of the tariff. Politicians gravely talk of the burden falling sometimes on the consumer and sometimes on the producer, just as if there were or would be a case in which the whole burden does not fall on the producer, that is the laborer, with crushing, deadly power.

So long as labor shall continue to be the only means of production, so long must the producing class, that is, those who are engaged in some useful productive labor or occupation, not only support all those who are not engaged, but in addition thereto pay all the expenses and bear all the burdens of government. Who is so stupid as not to comprehend without demonstration that a high tariff, like that of 1842, tends to enslave labor more and more, to fasten upon the producer a bondman's shackles, and to make him still more subservient to those of whom the institutions of his country compel him to beg for the privilege of toiling? Is American labor protected by increasing the already almost omnipotent power of capital by swelling the profits of manufacturers to a torrent? Labor is every where more or less enslaved. That is, the laboring classes are obliged to work for the capitalist or take the alternative of starvation. Does the operative, the laborer or the money-power, receive the real benefit of a high tariff?

Does the laborer realize any essential change for the better, in his social and political relations on account of it? Is not his employer in too many instances who, like the Pharisee of old, lays heavy burdens on men's shoulders, but lifts not so much as one of his fingers to lighten those burdens, too often contriving how to reduce the price of labor still more and more? Does any body suppose the manufacturer would be willing to exchange with the operative, so as to give him increased profits to the operative and himself take those which incidentally result to the operative? Is a high tariff a protection to American industry? [Troy Budget.]

In the New York convention the question of land tenures was disposed of by declaring, by great majorities—

1st. That all feudal tenures of every description be abolished; saving and recognising however, all rents and services certain, which at any time heretofore have been lawfully created or reserved.

2d. That all lands within the state are allodial; and that the entire and absolute property is vested in the owners, according to the nature of their respective estates.

3d. That no lease or grant of agricultural land, beyond twelve years, hereafter made, in which shall be reserved any rent or service of any kind, shall be valid.

The State Convention, after considerable de-

bate, agree to allow the existing provision of the Constitution relative to colored person's vote, to remain as it is at present, which permits them to vote on a freehold of \$250.

THE RIGHTS OF SLAVE-HOLDERS.—The Supreme Court of Ohio have, in the consideration of a question involving the constitutionality of such of the laws of Ohio as were designed to secure fugitive slaves from arrest, reaffirmed a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, by which it was declared that "the owner of a slave, either by himself or agent, may pursue, arrest and return him to the State from which he fled, without the aid of the State authority; and that all legislation which interferes with or embarrasses such an arrest is unconstitutional and void, all legislation on the subject being exclusively vested in Congress."

THE POINT.—The Lowell Courier, a rabid whig paper, says,—"the Lawrence and Appletons will make money in spite of all the loco loco tariffs in existence or in prospect." What then becomes of the necessity of a high tariff if they can "make money" under the new one? We do not imagine the people are anxious to be taxed in order to allow these rich fellows to do much more than "make money."

[Plymouth Rock.]

TRUE AS GOSPEL.—In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you take care to live so that no one will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, OCTOBER 20, 1846.

"The Union—It must be preserved."

FACT AGAINST THEORY.

The present state of the commercial world seems to throw great confusion into the ranks of the protectionists on both sides of the Atlantic. In the United States we have always been told that a high tariff had the effect to make manufactures of cotton and wool a great deal cheaper to the consumer, and that to manufacture these articles at home had the effect to increase the price of wheat, flour, and other products. No sooner was the act passed than manufactured articles began to fall, and the hosts of protectionists forgetting their former clamor, cried out that it was owing to the passage of the tariff. Indeed their predictions of ruin have hardly ceased yet. But they are equally puzzled by the fact that agricultural products are higher than before. Their theories are gone to the wind, having been met and overthrown by those stubborn animals called facts.

Coal was to fall so as to ruin the miner in Pennsylvania. It is, however, a dollar a ton higher than it was last year. Salt was to come in so low as to ruin the salt manufacturers in the State of New York. It is much higher now than before the passage of the tariff. Iron was to fall so low as to overthrow Pennsylvania; but it is so high in England that it cannot be imported. Flour and Grain have risen so high as to upset all the predictions of the tariff men. It is not necessary, for the present purpose, to go into an argument as to the causes of this state of things in reference to the prices of these articles. It is sufficient to show that the predictions of the protectionists prove them all to be false prophets so far. It ought also to induce the public to attach no importance to their views hereafter.

REPRESENTATIVES.—It is rumored, says the Age, that Nathl Blake has been elected Representative from the Madawaska district, and that he is a Whig. But a letter from a gentleman in Houlton states, that Mr. Blake voted for Mr. Dana in September, and that he will probably act with the Democratic party.

Daniel Rogers, abol. was elected on Monday, 12th, on the 5th inst. Representative from Windham, by a about 12 majority.

Last week we reported the election of a Democrat in the Hope and Seamsont district. We have since learned there was no choice.

There are, then, 32 Democrats and 33 Federalists and Abolitionists elected, besides the Madawaska district.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.—The election in Pennsylvania took place on Tuesday last; and was to elect a Canal Commissioner to serve three years, by general ticket; twenty-four members of Congress; eleven Senators, comprising one third of that body; and the House of Representatives for next year, consisting of one hundred members.

The Boston Post of Friday last gives the result of the election for members of Congress in the following districts:

1st district.—L. C. Levin, native, re-elected.
2. do J. H. Ingersoll, whig, re-elected.
3. do Charles Brown, democrat, gain.
4. do Charles J. Ingersoll, dem. re-elected.
5. do John Freedly, whig gain.
6. do J. W. Hornbeck, whig gain, claimed.
7. do John Strohm, whig, re-elected.
8. do Wm. Strong, dem. re-elected.
9. do Richard Broadhead, dem. re-elected.

In the 15th district, it is claimed that Dr. Nes excludes Rankin, democrat, and that Brady, whig, succeeds over Hepburn, dem., in the 16th. We think them both doubtful.

The returns for Legislature and Canal Commissioners are too imperfect to be relied on as indicating the result.

At Houlton, Me., a lot of smuggled goods were seized by the collector, and afterwards stolen from him. Several men disguised themselves and went in the night to the house of Daniel W. James, the informer, who shot one of them, Joseph Keenan, dead. James did not remain to be arrested.

